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Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriages and death notices gratis.
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Job work—cash on delivery.

Whenever China notices Russia's pressure on one side and England's on the other it feels like the prospective victim of a folding-bed accident.

America again leads the world. A New York City young man can boast of more than ten thousand creditors, which proves the confiding nature of our people.

The late Colonel Waring's report on Havana declared that unless the most thorough sanitary reforms were immediately instituted in the Cuban capital there would be an epidemic of yellow fever in this country.

The model town of Pullman has ended its career as a community fenced in by the rules of its late proprietor. The idea was anomalous and contrary to the municipal life of the country. That Mr. Pullman should work out a plan for a town as if the latter were a part of his estate was not inconsistent with the ambition of a great capitalist and manufacturer; but he forgot what municipal initiative and responsibility mean, and how American national life had its start in municipal beginnings. A decision of the Illinois Supreme Court now makes Pullman a part of Chicago, where it can learn to think and act for itself. The decision is also a reminder to corporations that village or town life should not be treated as an investment scheme appended to a manufacturing concern.

The Government of Sweden, through its statistical department, has compiled a tabulated statement of the number and distribution of telephones in use throughout the world—the compilation including 1895, 1896, 1897 and 1898 records. The growth of telephonic communication is well illustrated in this. The number of instruments in use in all countries is given as 1,288,163—or, approximately, one for every 1000 inhabitants of the earth. The United States naturally leads, with nearly 773,000 (the 1896 record), with Germany in the second place, recording 151,000. The total distance covered by the wires is 1,509,500 miles. Of course, when the inhabitants of barbaric countries, like a large part of Africa and Asia, are eliminated from the calculation, it is likely that we have at least one instrument for every 800 inhabitants of those parts of the earth where the telephone system is known and used.

Compressed air has been developed as a great power, and is soon to be put into practical operation on certain railroads. Think of all the dirt and dust that would be saved the summer travelers were cars to be operated altogether by this force! Private street carriages may also ultimately be run by it. The cost is said to be slight, and the power enormous. Nature is nothing if not prodigal with her favors, and her secrets are never intended for the special few, philanthropizes Harper's Bazar. So soon as the majority can understand the latest of them she yields it over, and she is not half as reticent about revealing herself as we are slow in perceiving what she extends to us. It is interesting to remember that the hitherto invisible and immaterial forces those which within the century have been put to the highest use, and that while men have been mourning the decadence of those crafts which made the glory of other times, they have been steadily progressing into the realm of higher revelations and to excellence on a different plane.

Massachusetts has been the first to establish a State sanitarium for consumptives, founded upon the principles of the great sanitarium in Europe, and a special interest attaches to the first report of the institution, particularly as the Legislatures of some other States are to be asked to create like institutions. The visiting physicians of the hospital say that it has been a source of gratification and surprise to see how quickly and contentedly the patients have adopted the special hygienic methods used for treatment, viz., almost constant life in the open air, whether by walking or reclining on the piazzas, and the ingestion of nourishing food. The remarkable change in the aspect of those patients after even a short stay at the hospital at Rutland would convince the most casual observer of the efficacy of the treatment upon the general condition of the patient. They say the moral effect of this somewhat military discipline is an important factor in accomplishing at the hospital what would be almost impossible at home. They believe it will be not only a benefit to individuals, but an object lesson to the whole community, to prove the value of fresh air and good food for not only the cure, but the prevention of disease.

A TALK WITH MADAME DREYFUS

Her Story About Her Husband, the Famous Prisoner of Devil's Island.

[This interview with Madame Dreyfus has been obtained by Miss Mary Spooner Warren only after great difficulties. Her correspondence while she was in Paris was tampered with, and even the letters to our office have met with similar treatment.]

I am writing this in Paris, where nearly every question of the day is relegated to the background, and the Dreyfus case is still the one absorbing topic of the hour. Furthermore, I have just returned to the city from a long and interesting chat with the much-to-be-pitied, brave and true-hearted lady who is one of the victims of this nineteenth century tragedy. It is not easy accurately to picture the situation here—the difficulty one has in gaining even the location of Madame Alfred Dreyfus! People are simply afraid to say what they know, they may be speaking to a police spy; and whatever their own private opinion may be, they would rather not state it, or, in fact, be drawn into any conversation on the subject. Said a prominent French personage to me when we were discussing the matter together: "Do not write to Madame Dreyfus and trust to the post; your letter will be opened. Go to her; or, if you have anything you wish to say by letter, send a trusty messenger, or deliver it personally." This from a country whose boast is "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!"

For some time now Madame has resided at a quiet little village on the Seine, a few miles out of Paris. Here she can obtain greater seclusion for herself, with fresh country air and the delights of a garden for her children. The village is beautifully situated, and the house stands in a charming garden, bright with flower-beds and lawn, flanked by pine, acacia and other trees. The letter which I had carefully deposited in the hands of a servant of the house two days before had prepared Madame Dreyfus for my visit, and in a few moments after I arrived we were engaged in an animated conversation.

The first thing of which I became convinced was that the lady with whom I was talking was extremely anxious to avoid all unnecessary publicity. Well aware of the great interest in the painful case of her husband, and compelled as she is by the force of circumstances to keep herself before the public, yet she shrinks palpably from self advertisement, and would prefer, if possible, to live altogether apart from the world. "For the children's sake" a bright, cheerful face betrays the aching heart that must be the lot of one who is forcibly separated from one who is dearer to her than life itself. And for "the children's sake" the mother has an added desire for seclusion. The bright-eyed, merry, and altogether light-hearted little ones do not understand the sad tragedy that has darkened their home; they think that their father is traveling, and talk joyfully of his return, planning in their artless way the many things to be done when "father comes home." It is better to keep them in ignorance as long as possible; and in response to my request for photographs, Madame Dreyfus tells me that she is sorry to have to refuse, but that she does not wish either her own or her children's features to become familiar to the public. There are no photographs of either of them in existence, and she would rather that such continue to be the case. One could not press the matter—it would be both indelicate and unkind; but when I sought permission to reproduce the portrait of Captain Dreyfus, I was rather surprised to hear that the gentleman had only been photographed once in his life—that was many years ago, when he was a young lieutenant—it was done by a friend and bore very little resemblance to the clever and energetic Captain of the Staff of more recent days. Any portrait which has appeared of either husband or wife is neither authentic nor authorized, and is, in fact, only imaginative. Madame has no photograph of her husband in the house, neither has she the remotest scrap of his writing. The reason for the non-possession of the latter is obvious; the authorities were too anxious to establish the guilt of the captain to leave much in the house which might be helpful to his defenders.

Much is said about the monthly letters the unhappy prisoner at the Ile du Diabie sends to his wife, but no one need laud the leniency of the Government in this respect—these letters never reach their destination. They go to the Central prison and are there filtered. It is only what the authorities are pleased to allow which ultimately reaches Madame Dreyfus. Even then the contents are sad beyond all expression, and though the captain declares his trust in God, and believes his innocence will be ultimately established before the world, yet he cannot prevent the ring of despair at his lot and the occasional expression of acute suffering becoming paramount. His devoted love for his wife runs through every epistle, and one cannot but feel the deepest sympathy for the unfortunate soldier in his gloomy exile when he writes such words as the following: "How all my love for you comes home to me at this moment! It is solely the thought of you, my poor darling, that enables me to struggle on. To think that I am accused of the most monstrous crime a soldier can commit! Even to-day it seems to me that I am the sport of a horrible nightmare; but rest assured that if I am successful in tracing this Calvary to the end

it will be for your sake, my poor darling; it will be to avoid for you a fresh sorrow in addition to all those you have already supported. . . . Your courage, your devotion, are sublime; . . . you are assuredly one of the noblest women of the world; my admiration for you is such that if I succeed in "drinking my bitter cup to the dregs it will be in order to be worthy of your heroism. I wring my hands in grief for you and for our children! . . . All around me is profound silence, broken only by the moaning of the sea. Do not weep, dearest; I will struggle to the last minute for your sake and for that of my children. Embrace them tenderly for me."

Words cannot describe the love of poor Alfred Dreyfus for his children, and they are children to be proud of. Pierre, his mother tells me, is the living image of his father. He is tall, well-built, and thoroughly manly, giving the impression of a more advanced age than the seven years which can actually be credited to him. He has a high forehead, large, dark eyes, nose of the Grecian type, and a firm but sweet-tempered mouth; a very intelligent, bright boy in every respect. He still remembers his father, spite of the four years which have separated them, and he evidences the most profound love for the mother to whom he is so dear. The little Jeanne resembles her mother very closely in features, but, unlike her, has very fair hair and big blue eyes. "Great as is your trouble," said I to Madame Dreyfus, "it would be far greater were it not for the children." And the mother's answer was one of almost unfeigned thankfulness that so much comfort was accorded her.

Need I say that it is extremely painful to Madame Dreyfus to recall the past? Her marriage, unlike many in France, was one of pure affection, and over the first few years of wedded existence no cloud came. The husband was absorbed in his profession and his home, and the wife in her husband and household. When not at his duties, Captain Dreyfus was invariably with his wife; in her own words, "We were all in all to each other." What it must have been to such a couple when they were suddenly and forcibly torn from each other no pen can describe. Without a sign or a word to warn them of the impending catastrophe, Captain Dreyfus was arrested at the instigation of the secret police, and charged with selling army secrets to a foreign government. Held guilty by the army and the country before he was tried, a secret court-martial professed to prove him so, and the unhappy man was sentenced to be degraded from his army rank and to suffer perpetual imprisonment. It was said at the time that the country to whom the secrets were sold was Germany, an additional cause for the howl of hatred which was directed against the so-called traitor. But there are not wanting many in the country now—and I have conversed with numbers this week—who believe that Russia, and not Germany, was the country, and that in the face of recent events the French simply dare not make the papers public—or, at any rate, would resist doing so until the last possible moment. Strong pressure has now been brought to bear upon the authorities, startling revelations have taken place, certain documents in the case have been proved to be forgeries—why not all? A very cursory examination of the writing of French officers shows a striking family likeness; mistake as to authorship is probable, and imitation would not be an impossible feat; and this is the steadfast opinion of Madame Dreyfus. A terrible mistake has been made; her husband's writing does closely resemble the famous bordereau, and this has been the primary cause of all the mischief. Having once found him guilty, the War Office has persistently refused to entertain the remotest idea of his innocence, but has gone on wilfully to deepen his apparent guilt and shield themselves—at his expense—from their initial blunder. Madame Dreyfus is absolutely certain that a thorough reaction has set in, and that thousands of honest French hearts are sharing her faith in her husband's integrity and honesty to his profession and country; but she perfectly agreed with me that it was not safe for friends to give expression to such sentiments. When one's movements and visitors are watched, and one's correspondence closely inspected, can such conclusions be wondered at?

Madame Dreyfus is not one to make a display of her grief, but it has smitten her hard, and all her natural bravery and self-command cannot keep her mouth from quivering and her tones from faltering when she tells how the blow literally stunned her, and how for a long time she could not actually realize the truth of it all. And the final interview between husband and wife! Concerning this Madame can only recall the bitter agony they both endured and her own imploring appeals to her husband to feel the trouble and not sink under it; to trust to her untiring endeavors to establish his guiltlessness before the world and restore him to their midst with unshaken honor.

Madame Dreyfus cannot speak too strongly of the absolute honesty and integrity of her husband—a man, she asserts, "who would not only never be capable of a mean action, but utterly abhorred underhand tactics and shifty intrigue. Neither wealth nor advancement would have won him

from the path of simple duty; and it is my implicit belief in and knowledge of all this which has given me courage to continue the unequal contest, and assures me that God will eventually completely establish his innocence. In two or three months I hope to have him with me again, for I am sure that when all the papers are examined at the court the truth will come to light." The devoted wife inspires me with her faith and courage, but I can only grasp her hand in silent sympathy and presently assure her that every Englishwoman is feeling for her in her great trouble, and each and all would rejoice to see her own hopes realized and Captain Dreyfus triumphantly restored to his family.

Do you want to know something of Madame's appearance? Picture to yourself, then, a lady, tall, majestic, yet graceful, with a wealth of dark hair beautifully arranged, a clear complexion, large, expressive eyes, and a sweet though sad smile. A face that shows marks of suffering, but on which the predominant expressions are straightforwardness and kindness. Emphatically, Lucie Dreyfus is a lady of great beauty.—Cassell's Magazine.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

Some of the Processes Connected With Its Manufacture Explained.

Roquefort cheese, the delight of modern epicures, is made of a mixture of goat and sheep milk. The reputation of this cheese extends back into dim antiquity, and Pliny mentioned it in his writings. It is made chiefly from the milk of Lazzard goats and sheep, and in the records of France it is stated that, in the year 1866, 250,000 sheep and goats out of a flock of 400,000 gave enough milk for the making of 7,150,000 pounds of cheese.

In the manufacture of Roquefort cheese the sheep and goats are milked in the evening, after their return from the pastures, and after they have been allowed to rest for an hour or so. The evening's milk is heated almost to the boiling point, and then it is set aside. In the morning it is skimmed, heated to ninety-eight degrees and mixed with the morning's milk for coagulation. The curd is well kneaded with the hands and pressed in layers into molds with perforated bottoms. A thin layer of moldy bread is put between each layer of curd.

The object of this is to hasten the "ripening" of the cheese by supplying the germs of the green mold peculiar to cheese. The bread used for this purpose is made before the preceding Christmas of about equal parts of summer and winter barley, with plenty of sour dough, and some vinegar. When moldy enough, it is ground and sifted, moistened with water, and kept from the air until used in making the cheese.

The curd remains in the molds for three or four days. Then they are taken to the market in Roquefort, where they are sold to the different makers of Roquefort cheese. These manufacturers continue the ripening of the cheeses by placing them in the very damp caves which abound in the precipitous walls of the limestone hill which almost completely surrounds the village.

The cheeses are left in the caves sometimes more than a month, during which time salt and brine are rubbed into them, and they are pricked frequently with long needles to let the salt penetrate into them and also to accelerate the process of moldering.

Monkeys as Coin Testers.

It is said that the great apes of Siam are in request among the Siamese merchants as cashiers in their counting houses. Vast quantities of base coins are known to be in circulation in Siam, and, according to advices from that scorched-up little oriental kingdom, no living human can discriminate between the good and the bad coinage with as much accuracy as these apes. These monkey cashiers possess the faculty of distinguishing the rude Siamese counterfeiters in such an extraordinary degree that no trained banker can compete with them in their unique avocation. In plying his trade the ape cashier meditatively puts each coin presented to him in his mouth and tests it with grave deliberation. From two to five seconds is all the time this intelligent animal requires in making up his decision. If the coin is all right it is carefully deposited in the proper receptacle; if base it is thrown violently to the floor, while the coin tester makes known his displeasure at being presented with the counterfeit by giving vent to much angry chattering.—St. Louis Republic.

Rapid Transit For Mail.

An extraordinary scheme has been mooted in India, namely, one for the construction of a pneumatic tube line 4400 miles in length, between London and Bombay, for the transportation of mails. The theory is that these could thus be conveyed from the city to city in twenty-four hours. The engineering difficulties include the great height of some of the mountains to be crossed in Asia Minor and the maintenance of power-houses in remote places. This air-pipe project is still very much in the air.—Pall Mall Gazette.

How He Did It.

A Sussex laborer who was giving evidence in a case of manslaughter, arising out of a quarrel of two companions, one of whom had been killed by the other hitting him with his pickaxe, gave the following lucid description of the act: "You see, he pecked me with a peck, and he pecked me with his peck, and as he pecked me with his peck he'd a killed he instead of he killin' o' he."—London Chronicle.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

13.—Word Half Square.
1. To consign; 2. A vegetable; 3. To coin; 4. A witticism; 5. A preposition; 6. A letter.

14.—Curtailments.
1. Curtail excellent and leave formal; 2. Wholly and leave to abandon; 3. To refresh and leave magnificent; 4. To chide and leave a small animal; 5. Anger and leave a tattered cloth.

15.—A Rhomboid.
Across—1. A celebrated essayist; 2. A small wax candle; 3. A naval hero; 4. At no time; 5. To set again; 6. Down—1. A letter; 2. A preposition; 3. A presuming person; 4. Ajar; 5. Fresher; 6. An old name for reave; 7. An affirmative; 8. A musical note; 9. A letter.

16.—Letter Enigma.
In tent not in camp.
In moist not in damp.
In past not in now.
In peaceful not in row.
In jealous not in slow.
Whole a gem you surely know.

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES.

49.—Vowel Changes—7. Style, stole, stale, steel. 2. Bass, boss, Bess, buss. 3. Lear, lear, lyre, lure. 4. Loose, lace, lice, lease. 5. Moan, main, mien, mine. 6. Bite, beet, beat, boot, boat. 7. Dine, deign, dune, dun. 8. Liver, lever, lover, layer. 9. Bean, bane, boon, bone. 10. Line, laun, lone, loon, lean. 11. Ream, roam, rhyme, room. 12. Sight, seat, suit, seat.

50.—Seven Pied State Capitals—Madison, Salem, Cheyenne, Jackson, Boise City, Atlanta.

51.—Charades—1. Jack, straw—jackstraw. 2. Harp, sigh, chord—harpichord. 3. X, cell, Lent—excellent.

52.—Five Beheadments—L-arch, a-bout, y-ours, t-aunt, t-ease.

Indignant Freaks.

At a meeting of the human curiosities connected with the Barnum & Bailey show, now on exhibition at the Olympia, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: "Whereas, the press and public of both hemispheres, without just cause, have for many years past gratuitously and voluntarily bestowed the term 'freak' upon all human beings differing in any way from ordinary mortals; and whereas, the term 'freak' is opprobrious, and without any specific meaning in an anatomical sense; and whereas, we feel that the term so unjustly conferred upon us, without our consent, is an indignity; and whereas, because, fortunately or otherwise, we are possessed of more or less limbs, more or less hair, more or less bodies, more or less physical or mental attributes than other people, and which might be taken as additional charms of person or aids to movement, as the case may be; and whereas, because we, differing so from the ordinary or regulation human being in that we have certain marked and distinctive characteristics of mind or body, we hold that to be no reason whatever for being called 'freaks'; therefore, be it resolved, that we, a majority of the living human curiosities in the Barnum & Bailey show, emphatically protest against the application of that word to us, and severely condemn its general assignment to those who, for their benefit or otherwise, were created differently from the human family as the latter exist to-day; and resolved, that, in the opinion of many, some of us are really the development of a higher type, and are superior persons, inasmuch as some of us are gifted with extraordinary attributes, not apparent in ordinary beings."—London Times.

The Kingfisher and the Gold Fish.

A West of England paper states a problem which is at present perplexing the authorities of Morrah Gardens at Penzance: A bright-hued kingfisher comes and goes with much regularity. His iridescent plumage daily flashes in the sunshine about 1.30 p. m., when he perches in the trees near either of the two ponds. Awaiting quietude and chance he dashes into the water, seizes a gold or silver fish, flies up to the elms, and makes a dinner. That digested he finds another opportunity, and has a fish tea. Now, kingfishers are not plentiful, except in Oxfordshire. They are certainly rare about Penzance, and, under ordinary circumstances, the life of the Morrah Gardens visitant would be spared. But this diet is costly, and the fish in the pond, often fed by the crumbs of admirers, are of more general interest than the bird. Which is it to be—shot bird or fishless ponds?

A Cosmopolitan School.

In the Federal Polytechnical School in Zurich there are this year 1234 students, of whom 918 are matriculated in a regular course and 316 are "listeners," so called. Of the "regulars" there are 546 Swiss, 87 Austrians, 66 Germans, 36 Russians, 32 Italians, 23 Romanians, 20 Americans, 20 Englishmen, 19 Hollanders, 19 Scandinavians, 9 Frenchmen, 8 Luxemburgers, 7 Danes, 5 Greeks, 5 East Indians, 5 Servians, 4 Turks, 3 Bulgarians, 2 Belgians, 1 Portuguese and 1 Spaniard.—Zurich letter in the Chicago Record.

Fifteen Children.

The late Lady Taylor, wife of Sir Henry, gave a child's party, at which the effigy of a man, possibly a Guy Fawkes, was burned. The children went home in great exultation: "Lady Taylor has been so kind. She burned a real man for us!"

THE DEATH OF A NOTED FOX.

For Years He Had Been a Faithful Stand-by of the Eager Hunters.

George Washington, the hoary and sporty old fox that has lived in the South Valley hills at Valley Forge, Penn., for so many years and has figured in a score or more hunts, met with a tragic end a few days ago by being torn to pieces by a pack of hounds.

About a dozen members of the Perkiomen, Port Kennedy, Washington and Black Rock Hunts with a pack of twenty hounds, turned out for a hunt. After beating around the Valley Forge hills for an hour, the hounds succeeded in "jumping" old George Washington, and a lively chase followed. Foxey did some lively running among the hills for half an hour, and then made a break across the open country toward New Centreville, with the hounds in close pursuit. From Cedar Hollow the fox made a good run through Charlestown Township, and then headed for Valley Forge, with the hounds very close to his heels. Finding that he was likely to be picked up in the open stretch of country that lay before him, he popped into a groundhog hole when about half way back, and none too soon, for the hounds were close on him. The hunters got picks and shovels, and, as the hole proved shallow, they uncovered him after an hour's digging.

The fox was muzzled, and Earl Davis, of the Black Rock Hunt, seated him on the pommel of his saddle and started off for Valley Forge surrounded by the pack. He had not proceeded far, however, when the old fox made a wild leap and went bounding among the hounds. He had scarcely touched the ground before a dozen of the dogs were on him, and before Mr. Davis could alight from his horse the old fox had been nearly torn to pieces. The hounds were driven away and when the hunters came up and saw what had happened they almost cried for they would rather have lost a horse or cow than lost old George. Mr. Davis secured the brail.

Old George was a great runner and had figured in many big hunts. He was frequently captured and kept for big drop-hunts, and, while he often made narrow escapes, he always managed to save himself by some trick or good stroke of luck. All regret that he was fated to meet such an un sportsmanlike end.

Progress.

The gentleman who had rung the bell several times before the servant let him in, was looking surprised and a trifle apprehensive when Mrs. Blykins came into the room. "I called," he explained, "to inquire about your husband's health. He and I belong to the same organization, and several of the members desired me to call and see how he is getting along. We were very sorry to hear of his illness."

"It's very kind of you," she answered. "There was a crash which shook the chandelier."

"She paid no attention to it. 'I think it will be only a day or two before he is able to get out and go down town,' she added."

"The slamming of doors echoed heavily through the house. 'Has he been dangerously sick?'"

"Not until to-day." "But I understood you to say that he was convalescent."

"I think I may say he is so. He wasn't well enough to be dangerous till this morning. But before noon he had discharged the trained nurse, quarreled with the cook, smashed a rocking-chair against which he stubbed his toe and thrown the canary bird out of the window. Those are always hopeful symptoms with him, and I feel fairly justified in saying that he is convalescent."—Washington Star.

The Kaiser's First Yachting Trip.

An eminent nautical authority relates how the Kaiser and his brother, Prince Henry, first acquired the germs of that passion for the sea which has had so potent an influence over their lives. In 1871 the Crown Princess Frederick took her two elder boys for a change of air to Wyk, a primitive little bathing-place on the Schleswig coast. Just at that time Herr Weitzel, of Hamburg, had built for himself a sixty-ton yawl, the first sea-going craft that ever flew the pennon of the Nord-Deutscher Regatta Verein. While cruising in the North Sea he anchored the yacht one day off the fishing-village, and the two young princes, who had never enjoyed a near view of such a vessel, displayed a keen interest in all that concerned it. This came to the owner's knowledge, and he ventured to offer to show them over his yacht and to take them out for a sail. Their mother graciously gave her consent, with the result that Wilhelm and Heinrich had such a treat as had never been thrown in their way before. For they were kept very strictly to their work as lads, and their pleasures were purely of the domestic order. For months they talked of nothing but this experience, and the highest flight of their ambition was to possess a yacht.—Vanity Fair.

Cradles of Indian Babies.

Babies of civilized nations would open their eyes in wonder if they should see the queer contrivances which the babies of the native tribes of North and South America and Africa have in place of cradles and cribs. The Indians of North America strap the infant to a board, which is slung over the mother's shoulder or over the bough of a tree when she is busy. In South America and some parts of Africa reeds are woven together, forming the letter "U." The infant is placed in it in a sitting position and securely fastened with cords. While in this contrivance the child has free use of its legs, although its arms are securely fastened by the cords,

THREE WOMEN IN WAR TIME.

I. One said, with a smile on her proud young lips: "I have brothers three; they are far on the sea, For they serve on the decks of the fighting ships! Is it strange that war comes home to me?"

II. "And I, had I father, brothers or friend, I would give them all at my country's call. My sorrow, I have none to send, And my share in the glorious war is small!"

III. But the third arose with face aglow: "Mine are a hundred thousand strong— Wherever my countryman meets the foe— And my heart's in the war the whole day long!" —Edith M. Thomas.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Edna—"I believe that young Mr. Jimson is half-witted." Marie—"As much as that?"

Tommy—"Maw, I don't git enough butter for my bread." Mrs. Figg—"All right. I'll give you less bread." —Indianapolis Journal.

"Mamma, what kind of a bear is that?" "That's a cinnamon bear, dear." "It doesn't smell a bit like cinnamon." —Chicago Tribune.

"We are terribly cramped for space in our flat." "That so?" "Yes; we even have to use the family skeleton for a hatrack." —Chicago Record.

"Buckles seems to be making money out of his degenerate poetry." "Yes, he might be called wise in his degeneration." —Indianapolis Journal.

Man gazes on the mercury. And still his soul is vexed, As, all at once, he sees the weather. Which way it's going next. —Washington Star.

Teacher—"Thomas, can you tell me which battle Nelson was killed in?" Tommy (after a moment's reflection)—"I think it was his last." —World's Comic.

Miss Gush—"Oh, captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate?" Captain Storms—"Yes; he charged me \$11 a day for a hall bedroom on the fourth floor." —Indianapolis Journal.

A pessimist is one who views the world through glasses that are blue; who, if he finds a dollar, stews. And kicks because it wasn't two. —Chicago Daily News.

Moth—"I overheard some callers saying this room is furnished in execrable taste." Other Moth—"Why, the idea! I never ate more palatable upholstery in my life!" —Detroit Journal.

She—"Have you noticed that Mr. Shortleigh is paying a good deal of attention to Miss Cleverton?" He—"Yes, and it's the first time I ever knew him to pay anything." —Chicago News.

Askins—"How did young Pokelongo take his rejection by Miss Brisk?" Teller—"Oh, he was as badly broken up as a compound word is after a stammering man gets through with it." —Judge.

"Yes," she said, bitterly, "you loved me then—and now!" She paused and sighed. "It is merely a revised passion," he calmly replied. "I still love you now and then." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"How many passengers a day do you handle?" asked the platform bore. "Only the young and good looking ones," the car conductor explained, idly watching an old woman with a big basket struggle from the car. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Small Boy—"Mamma, was General Washington blind?" Maamma—"Of course not. Where did you get that idea?" Small Boy—"Nurse took me to the Old Ladies' Home to-day, and showed me a woman that he kissed." —New York Weekly.

"Did she ask you if she was the only girl you had ever loved?" "No; she said she wouldn't insult me by intimating that I had so neglected my opportunities. And besides—'Well?' "She said she didn't have to ask; she could tell." —Chicago Evening Post.

Modest Requirement.

The surgeon of a military station during the Civil War was noted for his flowery language, which never failed, even under the most trying circumstances. He was not popular, and the officers treated him at times with scant courtesy.

On one occasion the Colonel appropriated the surgeon's tent for a mess-table, without the formality of stating his intentions.

The surgeon sent a complaint to the general in command, in which he said, "I have not so much as a fly to interpose between my head and the star-decked heavens about me."

This document went through the usual routine, and was at last returned to the surgeon with the following endorsement: "Colonel B. will cause a fly to interpose between the head of the complainant and the star-decked heavens above him as soon as possible."

A Colony of Outlaws.

Writers of fiction have frequently pictured the idea of an unknown tropical paradise being turned into a general asylum for outlaws and criminals. In the Bonin Isles, not far from Japan, such a refuge has actually been discovered. Men of every nationality, who have made civilization too warm for themselves, have decamped to this ideal rendezvous, leaving the police to record the unsatisfactory result of their investigations as "gone abroad." No rates or taxes have to be paid, and government seems to be entirely dispensed with. The discovery was made by a Japanese vessel which called at the island. In future the aliens will have less freedom and consequently less happiness, for the Japanese dominion will have to be recognized. The dream is over.—Western Morning News.